

still, it's nice, I guess to
be in

WHO'S WHA INN AMARACA.

FEELING FAIRLY GOOD TONIGHT (1985)

Thou shalt not fail as a writer
because the vultures wait to swoop in with their
"I told you so's."

Thou shalt not fail as a writer
because the very act of it is the finest balance
against the madness of the
world.

Thou shalt not fail as a writer
because it's the best form of self-entertainment
ever
invented.

Thou shalt not fail as a writer
because 50 years of heavy drinking have
purified your brain
cells.

Thou shall fail as a writer
upon the night or day of your
death

only to have new books of yours
appear for years afterwards
from the stockpile that your publisher
was never able to keep up
with.

Let it be so:
these words indented into the guts
of
Time.

— Charles Bukowski

San Pedro CA

N.B. Wormwood has 84 more unpublished C.B. poems in
stock, so C.B. will appear here through Issue 158.